

NASHVILLE, TENNESSEE, SUNDAY, AUGUST 30, 1863

cowards! It is a wonder they have not broke their necks running from their "first ditches" at Fishing Creek, Murfrees-

The loyal boys of East Tennessee twelve months ago were delighted, as they stood upon the Cumberland Mountain, and viewed the play-grounds of their boyhood, where there were so many friends waiting anxiously to meet them. But

the beloved friends whom they could almost see from their post of duty. Did they do like those brave and last ditchers of Bragg's caposole, throw down their arms, and say we will not leave Tennessee. No, they took a farewell look at their native land, and with a felling tear

shoulders their rifle like patriots, and  
march to the northern banks of the Ohio  
river, there to prepare for another struggle  
to redeem their native homes. God has  
given success and triumph to their arms,  
and they border again upon the land—  
the land of their delight. May God  
soon land them home to the tender em-  
braces of their long absent friends  
where they can enjoy peace and happi-  
ness, as they were accustomed in former  
days.

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**Practical Illustration of "Nigger Equality"**

A joke sometimes effects what argument has failed to accomplish. A jolly son of Mars in the army gives his experience of the much vexed question of "nigger equality" in Tennessee:

MANCHESTER, TENN.

I was as strong an opposer of the election of Abraham Lincoln as any man that lives, that had no more sense

than I have, and during the campaign I took delight in calling the Republicans by the names of Nigger Equality men, and Abolitionists, but I have learned that this is the country for nigger equality.

Now I would like to know how it is that there are so many half white ones here if this is not the place for nigger equality. I was delighted the other day at an old rebel—though he had taken the oath. There came along the road a soldier on horseback, and close before

him a rude black w man. The old rebel, not knowing that I was in hearing, said, 'Look at that damned Yankee, there is nigger equality for you.' I sat still, hoping for a chance to trap the sinner. Presently, along came a white man, driving an old, shacking wagon, drawn by a pair of little white bulls, driven by a line; and by his side sat one of the damndest, ugliest nigger women I ever saw. I, thinking this my opportunity, said, (like I didn't know that there was any one near but the one I was talking to,) that there is none Nigger

Equality for you. The old rebel looked around and saw us, and he cut dirt for his oil, with his butter-nut coat tail sticking out so that there might have been a game of seven-up played on it. He ran into his hole, pulled his hole in for him, and has not been seen since.

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Four companies of the 3d Arkansas (colored) regiment, marched through the streets of St. Louis on Thursday, to take a steamer for Helena. They are all young, well built and athletic looking fellows

A disturbance by the rebels and Copperheads being feared, the commanding officer, Col. Grullé, was requested not to march through the streets publicly, but to throw forward a company at a time in the night. Col. G. gave the men ten rounds of ball cartridges each, and boldly marched ahead.

This expedition was one of the most memorable in the war.